

# HOMES <sup>OF THE</sup> WORLD BABIES IN SILHOUETTE

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ELIZABETH · ELLIS · SCANTLEBURY

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY CHICAGO



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Book 54

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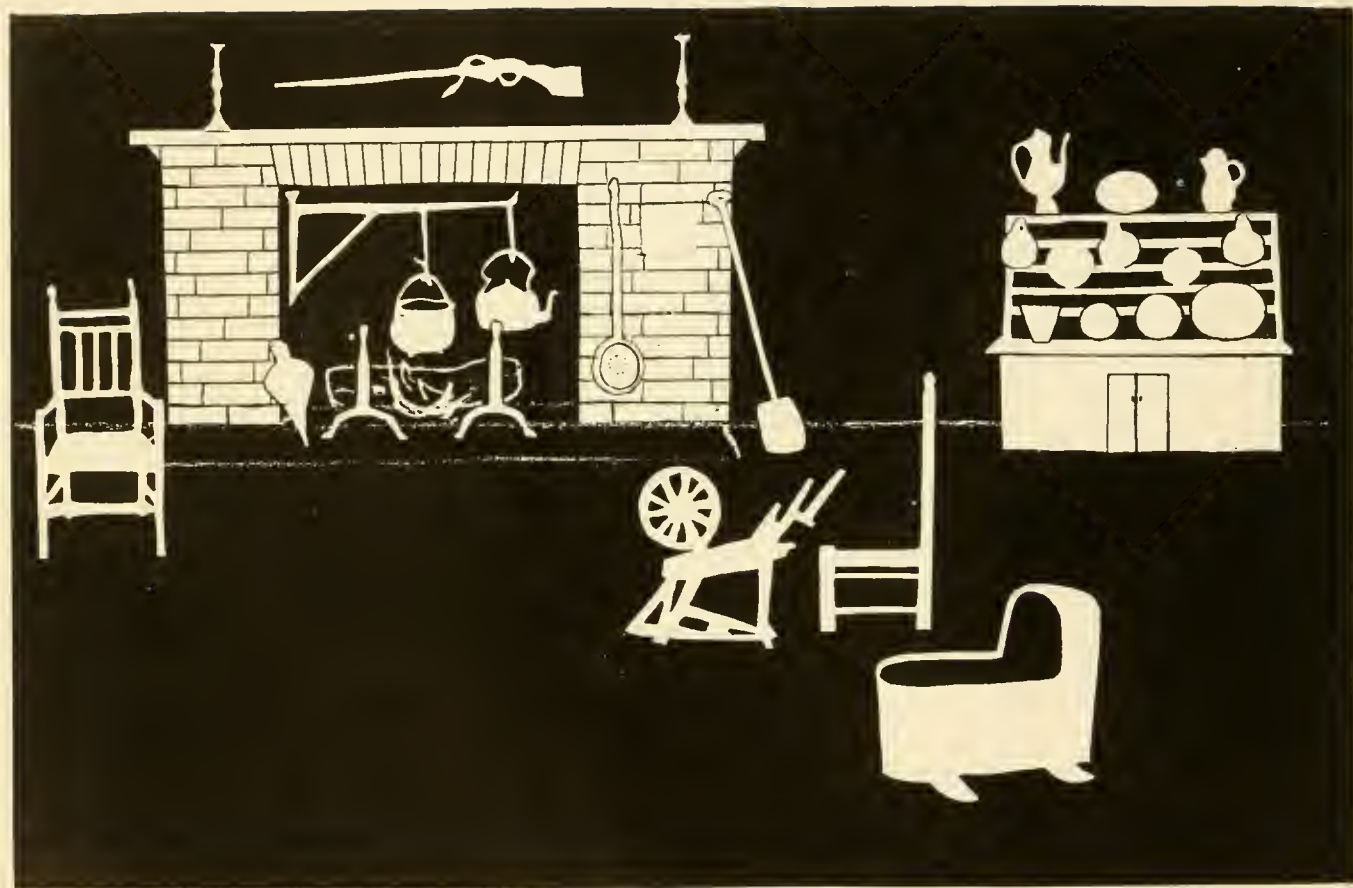












A LONG-AGO HOME

(See page 13)

# HOMES OF THE WORLD'S BABIES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PAPER CUTTINGS  
IN SILHOUETTE

BY  
ELIZABETH ELLIS SCANTLEBURY



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## PREFACE

"BEGIN where you find the pupil," is a precept the soundness of which has been proved. As a writer in the New York Teachers' Monograph contends, in geography teaching "the only vital mode of approach is through the life of the child's surroundings." In his early school days the child's only interest in different countries is in the home life, manners, dress, of the little children who live in those countries, in contrast with his own home life and surroundings. But, in learning of these, he also acquires some knowledge of the great science of life and living; of how the fundamental wants common to all—food, shelter, clothing—are supplied under different conditions; of the influence of climate upon dress; of adaptation to environment, and of the brotherhood of man.

All these things have been kept in mind in writing "Homes of the World's Babies," which with its paper cuttings is meant for a help to the busy teachers of the lower primary grades, in interesting their small pupils in the study of geography. Great care has been taken as to accuracy of details. In nearly every case a native of the country under consideration has been consulted, and photographs have been used as guides in outlining the cuttings.

The picture of the old-time kitchen, in Thankful and Peregrine's home, has been elaborated more than any other in the series. The "hanging of the crane" in the broad fireplace, the deep brick oven, the bellows, the flax-wheel, the cradle, are all things of the past, and perhaps belong to history rather than to geography. But, although unfamiliar to this generation, they were integral parts of the homes of the first American settlers, so have been inserted as busy work for the children before Thanksgiving. Thankful and Peregrine are supposed to have lived toward the end of the seventeenth century, but the picture will answer for one of many homes in America up to the fifties in the nineteenth century.

A composite picture of Indian life has been given in the text of "Little Bear's Home." While the various Indian nations and tribes differed somewhat in characteristics, customs, and mode of living, it is only confusing to a little child to have the differences pointed out.

Because of the familiarity of children with "Seven Little Sisters" some of the names from that book have been used, by permission of the publishers, Ginn & Company.

## DIRECTIONS

THE pictures are made by cutting objects from white paper and pasting them on black or dark gray. The background is drawn in simple chalk lines. Copy the single objects on tracing-paper, then from the tracings cut a pattern of each in white paper. Hang these where they can be seen and let your pupils try free cutting. If the results are poor, allow the children to trace around the pattern and cut, then try free cutting again.

Select the best cuttings and group them on the blackboard as in the large picture. If you do not care to put paste on the blackboard, use sheets of black cardboard, about ten by fifteen inches in size.

(Four pieces of the right size may be cut from one large sheet.) Let the children group their cuttings on the darkest and heaviest paper that you can supply. If they are allowed to color the objects with chalk it will add to their interest and delight.

For many of the objects the paper may be folded and both sides cut at once. Spokes of wheels, rungs of chairs, etc., may be added with chalk. If copying is thought too difficult for little fingers, let the children find similar pictures in old magazines, papers, and catalogues, and cut them out.

Use the same cow pattern in the Swiss and Dutch pictures.

## CONTENTS

### A LONG-AGO HOME..... 13

How our great-great-great-grandparents lived in early days in America.—Their home built of logs.—The kitchen with its big fireplace.—Their food and clothing.—The school to which they went.—“Going to meeting.”

### THE HOME OF LITTLE BEAR..... 21

Indian life before America belonged to the white man.—The little papoose in his cradle.—How he got his name.—The dress of the Indians.—The wigwam or tepee.—What Fleet Foot taught White Rabbit.—The story-teller and his tales.

### BABY SIPSU'S HOME..... 26

Life in Greenland.—A Jack-Frost house.—Annanak's komatik and the dog-team.—The father's kayak.—Sipsu's first sunrise.—Inside the igloo.

### THE HOME OF WILHELMINA AND PIETER..... 31

In the land of windmills.—How Dutch children dress.—The dykes and the canals of Holland.—Sights to be seen from an airship.—The cottage.—The good times Dutch children have.

### THE HOME OF THE SWISS BABY..... 38

The mountains and valleys of Switzerland.—The winter cottage and the summer chalet.—When the herders start for the mountain pastures.—“God's great pictures.”—The “sleepy song.”

### LITTLE GEMILA'S DESERT HOME..... 43

How the Arabs live.—The date-palm.—The camels.—The big black tent.—Grinding grain and baking bread.—The dress of a little Arabian girl.

### THE HOME OF THE CHINESE BABY..... 49

On the other side of the world.—The Great Wall of China.—The Chinese baby's name; his dress; his baby-carriage.—The house in which he lives.—A wheelbarrow ride.—A Chinese school.—The games the children play.

### THE HOME OF THE JAPANESE BABY..... 54

In the little island of Japan.—How Toyotaro got his name.—An airy house.—A Japanese meal.—A strange way of sleeping.—How Toyotaro and his sister dress.—The children's pets.—Lessons and games.—The flowers of Japan.—“The matchless mountain.”—Japanese festivals.



## LIST OF SILHOUETTES

### A LONG-AGO HOME (Composite Picture)..*Frontispiece*

|   |    |  |    |
|---|----|--|----|
| THE FIREPLACE WITH ITS ANDIRONS AND CRANE..                 | 11 | THE COW .....  | 36 |
| SOME OF THE THINGS WE SEE IN THE LONG-AGO HOME .....        | 15 | A STORK .....  | 37 |
| THE SHOVEL, THE WARMING-PAN AND THE GUN...                  | 16 | BABY HEIRE'S MOUNTAIN HOME (Composite Picture) .....       | 39 |
| THE DRESSER IN THE LONG-AGO HOME.....                       | 17 | ONE OF THE GOATS.....                                      | 40 |
| TWO LONG-AGO CHAIRS.....                                    | 18 | ONE OF THE COWS.....                                       | 40 |
| BABY LOVE'S CRADLE.....                                     | 19 | THE CHALET ON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.....                       | 41 |
| THE SPINNING-WHEEL.....                                     | 20 | LITTLE GEMILA'S HOME (Composite Picture).....              | 41 |
| LITTLE BEAR'S HOME (Composite Picture).....                 | 22 | ONE OF THE CAMELS.....                                     | 45 |
| THE WIGWAM OR TEPEE.....                                    | 23 | GEMILA'S FATHER .....                                      | 45 |
| WHITE RABBIT'S CANOE.....                                   | 24 | THE PALMS .....  | 46 |
| THE "FIREPLACE".....  | 24 | THE BIG TENT IN WHICH GEMILA LIVES.....                    | 47 |
| THE WINTER HOME OF BABY SIPSU (Composite Picture) .....     | 27 | THE MILLSTONES .....                                       | 48 |
| TOR, THE LEADER OF THE TEAM.....                            | 28 | IN THE LAND OF THE CHINESE BABY (Composite Picture) .....  | 50 |
| THE IGLOO.....  | 29 | A CAMEL-BACK BRIDGE.....                                   | 51 |
| THE POLAR BEAR.....   | 30 | A SLIPPER-BOAT.....  | 52 |
| A KAYAK .....   | 30 | A PAGODA .....   | 52 |
| THE HOME OF WILHELMINA AND PIETER (Composite Picture) ..... | 32 | A CHINESE JUNK.....  | 53 |
| A WINDMILL .....  | 33 | IN THE LAND OF THE JAPANESE BABY (Composite Picture) ..... | 55 |
| A DUTCHWOMAN .....  | 31 | HANA AND TOYOTARO.....                                     | 56 |
| THE COTTAGE IN WHICH WILHELMINA AND PIETER LIVE .....       | 35 | RIDING IN A JINRIKISHA.....                                | 57 |
|   |    | A JAPANESE TEMPLE.....                                     | 59 |



HOMES OF THE  
WORLD'S BABIES



## A LONG-AGO HOME

THANKFUL and Peregrine were little twins. The house they lived in was built of round logs on which the bark had been left. The roof of the house was thatched with bundles of rushes cut in the marsh.

There was no stove nor furnace, nor any steam heat in Thankful and Peregrine's home, nor in the homes of any of their neighbors. When the long evenings came there were no lamps, no gas nor electric light, to read or work by.

Thankful and Peregrine drank out of "noggin's," and their baby brother, Love, wore a "biggin" on his head. Love's biggin was a little tight white cap without trimming, and the noggin's out of which the twins drank we would call mugs.

Instead of sitting in high chairs and eating from china plates, Thankful and Peregrine stood at the table and ate out of trenchers—platters made from wood. Sometimes both children ate from the same trencher. They had spoons and knives but no forks, and their table was a board set on trestles.

Perhaps you think Thankful, Peregrine and Baby Love were little foreign children, but they were not. They lived in America, in a long-ago time when the country was new, before stoves were used and before gas and electricity were even thought of. For light

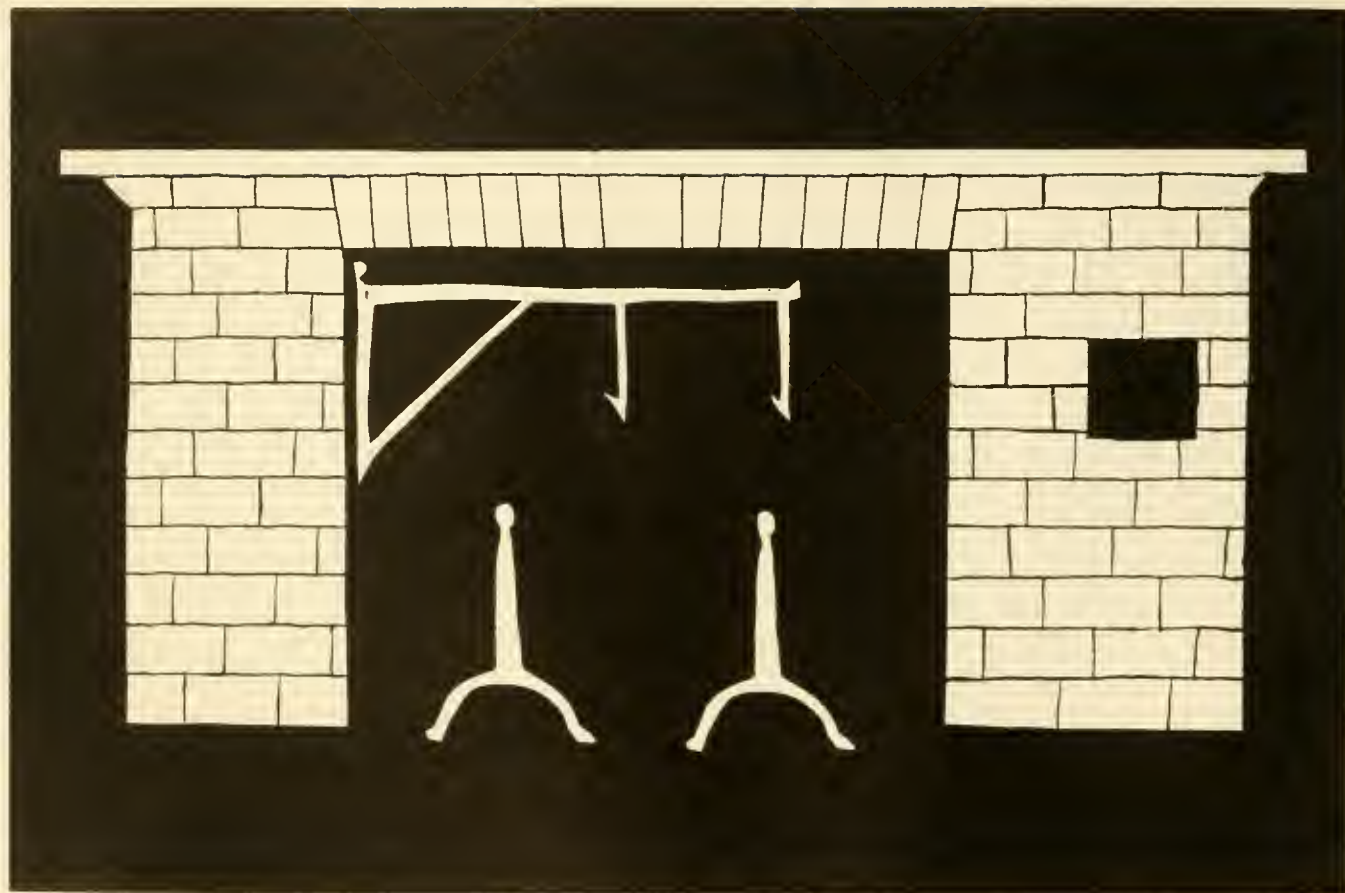
they had "dips," made of soft, thick cord dipped in hot tallow and then cooled; "candlewood" cut from pine trees, and candles, green and sweet-scented, made from bay-berries.

In the kitchen of their home was a splendid big fireplace, with a chimney so wide that the children could look up through it and see the stars shining in the sky. If Santa Claus had ever visited their home he might have come down the chimney without being squeezed at all; but Santa Claus did not visit little American children in those days.

On one side of the fireplace was a big brick oven, built right into the thick wall of the kitchen. In it, once a week, a roaring fire of "oven-wood" was made. When the wood was all burned the coals were shoveled out, and pies, puddings, bread, and beans were put in to bake. At Thanksgiving time the oven was kept hot and busy for a whole week. Can't you almost smell the goodies that came out?

America, when little Thankful and Peregrine lived here, was not much as it is to-day. The first white people who came found only Indians and tall trees; and for a long time after villages and towns were built there were no roads between them—only bridle-paths through the trees.

There were no steamships then as there are to-day.



THE FIREPLACE WITH ITS ANDIRONS AND CRANE



SOME OF THE THINGS WE SEE IN THE LONG-AGO HOME

Steam, at that time, was to most persons only a sign that water was boiling; very few people knew that it could be made to do work! Between the new country of America and the older countries ships with great white sails came and went.

The ships were so slow that people could not depend upon them to bring all the supplies they needed, even if they had money to pay for them, so they had to work very hard for shelter, food, and clothing. The men cut down trees and built their own houses. They planted corn, and when it was ripened they crushed it into hominy and ground it into meal for bread and a porridge which they called "mush."

Flaxseed was sown, and from the stem that bore the pretty blue flowers, after many changes, linen cloth was woven. It was then made up into sheets and towels, and sometimes into shirts for the men.

From the sheep's back, wool was sheared and spun into yarn. The yarn was dyed in different colors with bark from trees, and juice from flowers. Butternut, hickory, and alder bark made pretty shades of brown, and when cloth was woven from the yarn it was made up into suits for the fathers and the little boys. From yellow-weed, which we call goldenrod, a bright yellow came. Of course that would not make very pretty dresses for the mothers and the little girls, but there were red chips brought from other countries that made a beautiful red, "fit for the queen."

Then there were stockings and mittens to be knitted. When Thankful was four years old she began to learn to knit, and by the time she was six she could make a pair of stockings for herself.

Now let us play that we are visiting the twins. We cannot make a photograph of their kitchen,



because this is "once upon a time," before pictures were made by photography, so we will cut the different objects in the room and make them into one large picture.

First the fireplace, with its andirons to hold up the wood. From the crane that swings on the inside wall hang long iron hooks, and on them are a big iron pot and a tea-kettle. When meat is cooked, it is hung in front of the fire, and Sister Truth, who is a little older than the twins, keeps turning it so that it will cook alike on all sides, and not scorch.

On one side of the fireplace is the long-handled shovel, and next that the warming-pan. The warming-pan is a round brass box with a cover and a long

handle. When bedtime comes it will be filled with hot coals and rubbed up and down between the cold sheets.

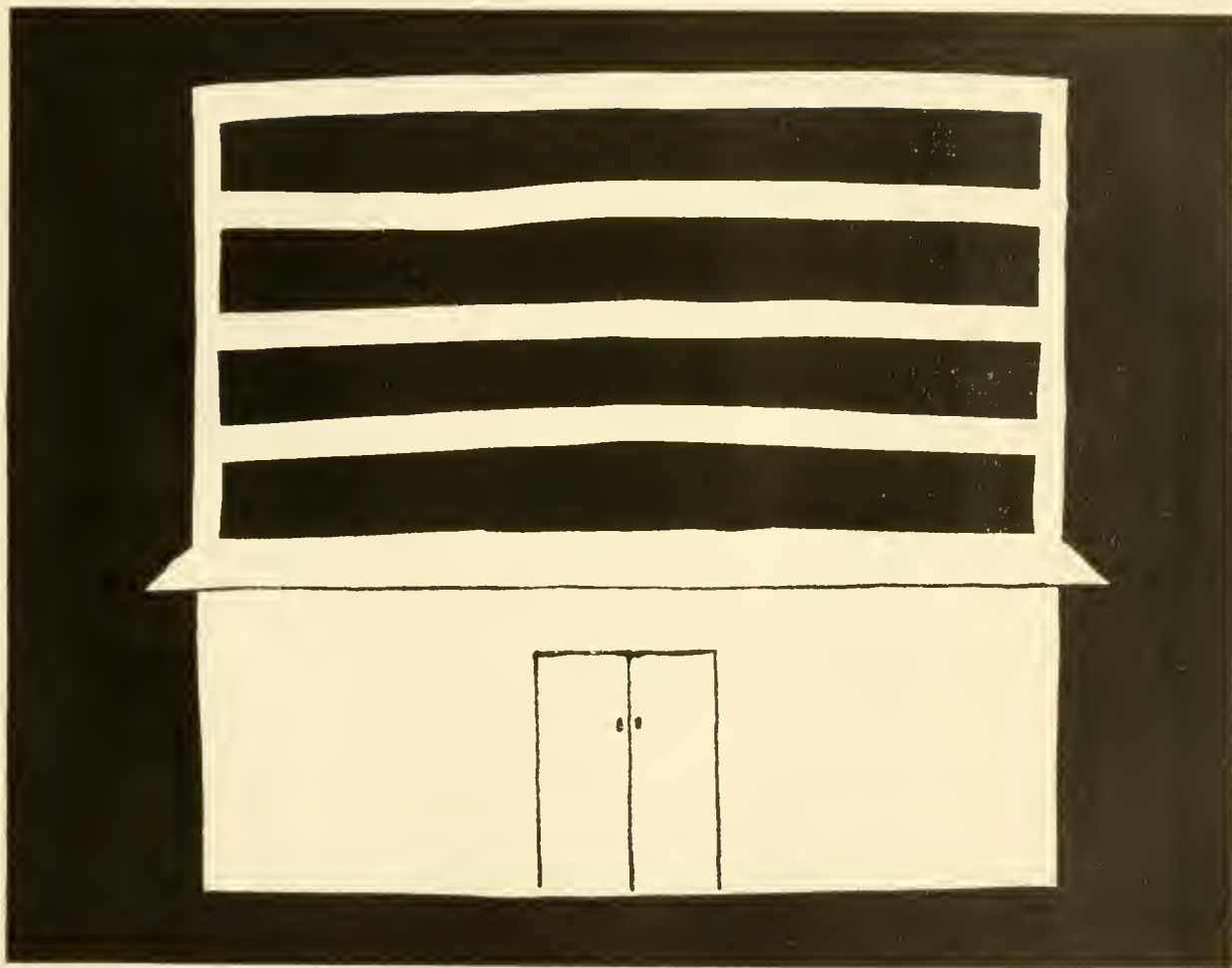
The bellows stand beside the fireplace, and with them we blow the fire when it burns low. Great care has to be taken of the fire, for there are no matches—only flint and steel to be struck together until they make a spark which will light a piece of old linen, called "tinder."

On the mantelpiece are the brass candlesticks that came over from England, and beside the fireplace stands grandfather's chair. Little Love sleeps in the cradle, and whoever is spinning flax on the little wheel sits in the Dutch chair. On a larger wheel the rolls of wool are spun into yarn. From that yarn the stockings and mittens are knitted.

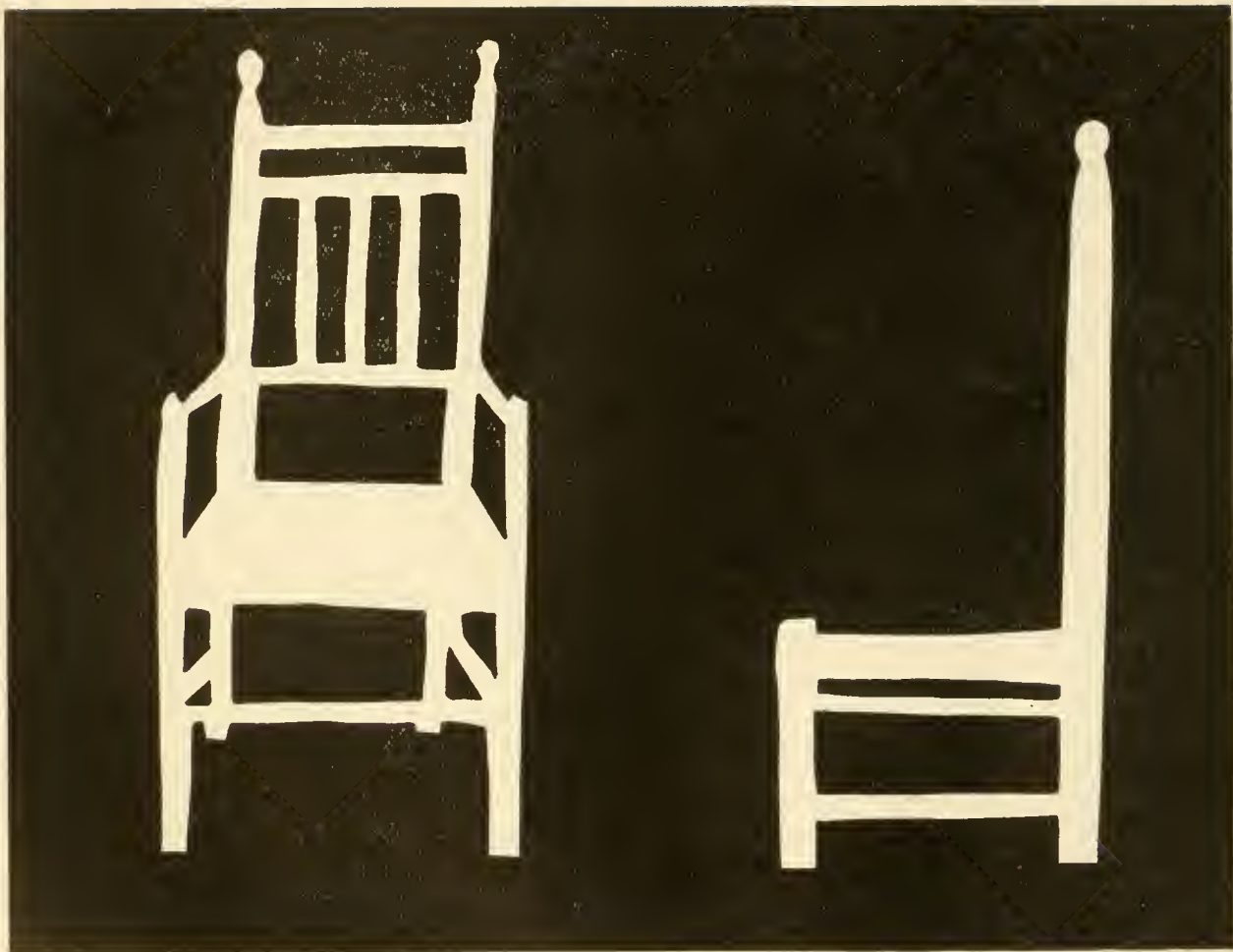
The dresser holds rows of pewter plates, and porringers hang from the upper shelf where the teapot stands. The pewter is kept bright by being rubbed with scouring rushes which the children gather in the marshes.

You cannot see the door and windows, but in the windows instead of glass there is oiled paper, and the door is hung on hinges of leather. There is no door-knob—only a wooden latch with a string fastened to it.

Over the latch is a small hole through which the string is put, so people on the outside can open the door. A piece of wood called a "bobbin" is tied to the outside end of the string. You remember that the wolf said to Red Riding Hood, "Pull the bobbin,



THE DRESSER IN THE LONG-AGO HOME



TWO LONG-AGO CHAIRS

my dear, and the latch will fly up." The door is locked by pulling the string and the bobbin in through the hole.

Now we will go with Sister Truth and Brother Hate-evil to the "dame school," where they are learning to read and write and "cipher," and where Truth is also taught to sew. Do these names—Truth and Hate-evil—sound funny to you? They were given to the children so that their father and their mother would remember, whenever they spoke the names, things that had happened in their lives which they wished never to forget.

The "dame school" is taught by a lady who wears a cap and who knits while she hears the children recite their lessons. She points with a knitting-needle to the letters in—their book? Well, not such a book as you read from. Did you notice, on our way to school, that little bat that hung by a string from Truth's neck? It is of thin wood and is shaped just like the bat with which you play tether-ball, but is much smaller. On it is pasted paper with the A B C's and the Lord's Prayer printed on it, and over the paper is fastened a very thin sheet of horn—so thin that the words and letters can be seen through it. The little bat is Truth's "horn-book," the only book she has from which to learn to read.

The old lady has a book from which she reads to the children, hoping it will teach them good manners. She is reading now that it is a "wilde and rude thing to lean upon one's elbow."

One little girl who does not know her A B C's



BABY LOVE'S CRADLE

receives a smart rap on the head from a heavy thimble on one of the old lady's fingers; and, on a high stool in the corner sits a boy with a tall dunce-cap on his head. After the lessons have been recited the little girls will do some cross-stitch work on their samplers.

Truth's sampler has a border of strawberries



THE SPINNING-WHEEL

worked in bright colors. Inside the border is this verse:

When I was young  
And in my prime  
Here you will see  
How I spent my time.

Now it is Saturday evening and all the work has been put away, for at sunset the Sabbath, the day of rest, begins. No more work than is necessary will be done until to-morrow evening at sunset. When

bed-time comes we shall climb into that high bed which has tall posts at the four corners and curtains around the top. To get into it we shall have to use the little steps that stand near. How soft the big feather bed is!

Morning comes quickly when one has slept all night. Every one but grandmother and the baby are going to the meeting-house, as the church is called. But how are we to get there? Oh! here comes a horse with father on its back, and another on which rides Hate-evil. Behind each is a padded cushion called a pillion, for mother and the girls to sit on. Whoever sits on the pillion puts her arms around the waist of the rider in front. There are so many of us that we shall have to take turns riding and walking.

The meeting-house is built on a high hill, so that it may be seen by travelers going through the woods, and by sailors as they come into the harbor.

Inside the meeting-house the men sit on one side of the aisle and the women on the other, while the boys have to sit on the stairs which lead up to the high pulpit. There is no clock opposite the pulpit, but there is an hour-glass beside the preacher. The hour-glass is turned two or three times by the tithing-man before the sermon is ended.

What is a "tithing-man"? You watch that man creeping quietly up the aisle, looking from one side to the other. In his hand is a long stick with a hard knob on one end and on the other a squirrel's tail. A little girl is nodding sleepily and the man tickles

her face with the squirrel's tail. Now he is near the boys, who have their heads together, whispering. One of the boys receives a rap from the knob-end of the stick—why, it is Hate-evil! Who would have thought it?

I wish we had time for a longer visit with the little twins, but perhaps one of them became your great-great-grandmother, or your great-great-grandfather, and some one has told you all about them already.

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## THE HOME OF LITTLE BEAR

LITTLE BEAR was a baby. He was not a pink-and-white baby. He was a little Indian papoose, and his skin was the color of copper. His eyes were like two big black beads, and his hair was the color of a crow's wing. It was just as shiny, too, because his mother kept it well greased.

Little Bear was a happy little fellow and content most of the time with the rattle of playthings that were strung on a hoop fastened on his cradle. He could not suck his thumb and he could not kick his little feet as white babies do when they are pleased—and sometimes when they are not pleased! Little Bear was rolled in a blanket and tied to a board. Then an embroidered deerskin, fastened to the board, was laced right over his arms and legs. That was his cradle.

The Indians named their boys and girls for whatever the little people first noticed and seemed pleased with. When the children grew older the name was

often changed to one that told of something they had done or could do.

This is the way in which Little Bear got his name: One day his father, Fleet Foot, killed a mother bear and brought her cub home to Sweet Grass, the baby's sister. When the baby saw the tiny bear he said, "Goo, goo!" His father laughed and said, "We will call papoose 'Little Bear.'" You see the baby was only four months old, so when he said "Goo, goo!" that was baby talk for "I see a little bear."

When Little Bear's mother traveled she put the loop that was on the back of the cradle across her forehead and carried the baby, cradle and all, on her back. When she picked berries she hung the cradle on the branch of a tree. Sometimes two or three other mothers would hang their cradles, with the babies in them, on the same tree. "What funny fruit I have, and how fast it grows!" the tree must have thought.



LITTLE BEAR'S HOME

When Little Bear cried, his mother rubbed the tips of her fingers back and forth on the back of the cradle-board and sang:

“Little baby is swimming down the  
river,  
Little drift-wood legs,  
Little rabbit-legs.”

Little Bear's mother and Fleet Foot did not count their children's ages by months and years, but by “moons,” and they had no names for the days. If they wished to tell of a certain time in days, they said so many “sleeps,” or nights. If they spoke of April, it was the “Moon of bright nights”; May was the “Moon of leaves,” and June the “Moon of strawberries.”

Little Bear, his sister Sweet Grass, and his brother White Rabbit did not need many clothes, and what they had were of deerskin, made soft and smooth. They wore tunics and leggings trimmed with a fringe of the skin, and soft moccasins embroidered with colored por-



THE WIGWAM OR TEPEE

cupine quills and blue and white beads, so the children looked quite fine when they were dressed up. Fleet Foot sometimes wore a "war bonnet," made all of feathers, from which hung a string of feathers, dangling down to his heels. How would you like to see your father in a feather bonnet?

I must not forget to tell you how fortunate little white girls and boys are in having combs. I have heard that they sometimes whine when their hair is combed; do you know anything about that? The hair of these little Indian children was combed with a pointed stick or the thorny stem of a shrub!

The home of Little Bear was not always in the same place. He lived before the white men who came to America had put his people in a certain part of the country and told them to stay there.



WHITE RABBIT'S CANOE



THE "FIREPLACE"

The Indians roamed all over the prairies, through the forests and beside the lakes, and wherever the Indian men went, the family, and all that belonged to them, went too.

It was not much work to take down the wigwam, or tepee, as Little Bear's home was called. It was made of long poles, set up in a circle on the ground, and drawn together at the top so that their ends met and crossed. Over the poles was stretched a covering. Sometimes this covering was made of deer skins sewed together; sometimes it was of bark. The two edges in front were fastened together with wooden pins, and an opening was left at the bottom for a doorway. A place was left open at the top,

too, for the smoke of the fire to go out if it could find its way. When snow or rain came the deerskin door was closed.

Inside, in the middle of the tepee, a fire was built on the ground, and all around it, flat on the earth, were animal skins, on which the fur had been left. These were the mats and beds on which the family sat and slept. There was no furniture, so there was not much to move.

When the tepee was taken down the covering of bark or skins was rolled up and put in the bottom of a canoe, or was tied to poles and dragged by a pony to the next place in which the family was to camp.

Inside the tepee there was one thing that you would have liked to see. It was a skin robe on which pictures were painted in black and red. The pictures were of the brave deeds of Fleet Foot, the baby's father. He had fought in many wars against other Indians, and had killed fierce animals. There were no written words in his language, so he could not write about what he had done, but he painted these pictures and signs that stood for words. He often told the story of his life to White Rabbit.

That was not the only thing that White Rabbit learned. His father taught him how to paddle in his bark canoe. He showed him how to find his way in the forest by noting on which side of the trees the most leaves grew, and on which side was the thickest

bark. He told him about the ways of the animals and birds that White Rabbit tried to shoot with bow and arrow, and taught him how to hide his footprints, or "trail," from his enemies.

Then the story-teller of the village, when he came, told of the time when all the animals talked so the Indians could understand them. White Rabbit listened while he spoke of the Spirit of the East Wind, who drove away the darkness, and of the North Wind—the cold, bleak wind that came out of his icy cavern and blew his freezing breath over the earth, killing the flowers.

He told, too, of the beautiful Star Maiden, who left her home in the sky that she might be near the Indians, because she loved them. When she came to the earth she chose to live in the heart of a white rose on the mountain-top, but that was so far away that she could not hear the children at their play, so she came down and lived for a while in a flower at the foot of the mountain, but there the wild animals frightened her and made her tremble. One day a soft breeze blew her into the lake, where she rested lightly on the top of the water, unafraid, and blossomed into a water-lily!

Now we will make a picture of Little Bear's home, and of the big tree that shaded it in summer, of White Rabbit's bark canoe, and of the "fireplace" where dinner was cooked.

## BABY SIPSU'S HOME

I AM sure if you could see Greenland you would say its name should be Whiteland. This is where Baby Sipsu lives, in a real Jack-Frost house made of snow. You see, there is more snow than anything else in that cold country, so the people build their houses of it.

We will make a picture of Sipsu's home, where he lives with his father and mother, his sister Agoonack, and his brother Annanak.

You have heard of "Greenland's icy mountains," haven't you? That is one of them in the distance. It is an iceberg moving along in the ocean. When the sun shines on it you can see beautiful colors—blue, green, and silver. The wind, the sun, and the water change the icebergs into different shapes, so that before they reach a warm place and melt, or sink into the ocean, they may look like a great animal or a church, or become an arch.

Between us and the iceberg we can see a little of the ocean and a great deal of snow and ice—not smooth, plain ice like that on which you skate, but lumpy, hummocky ice, piled up in heaps.

That rounded place that looks like a great white beehive is Sipsu's winter home. This is the way it is made: The men take their snow-knives, made of walrus bone, and cut the hard snow into blocks

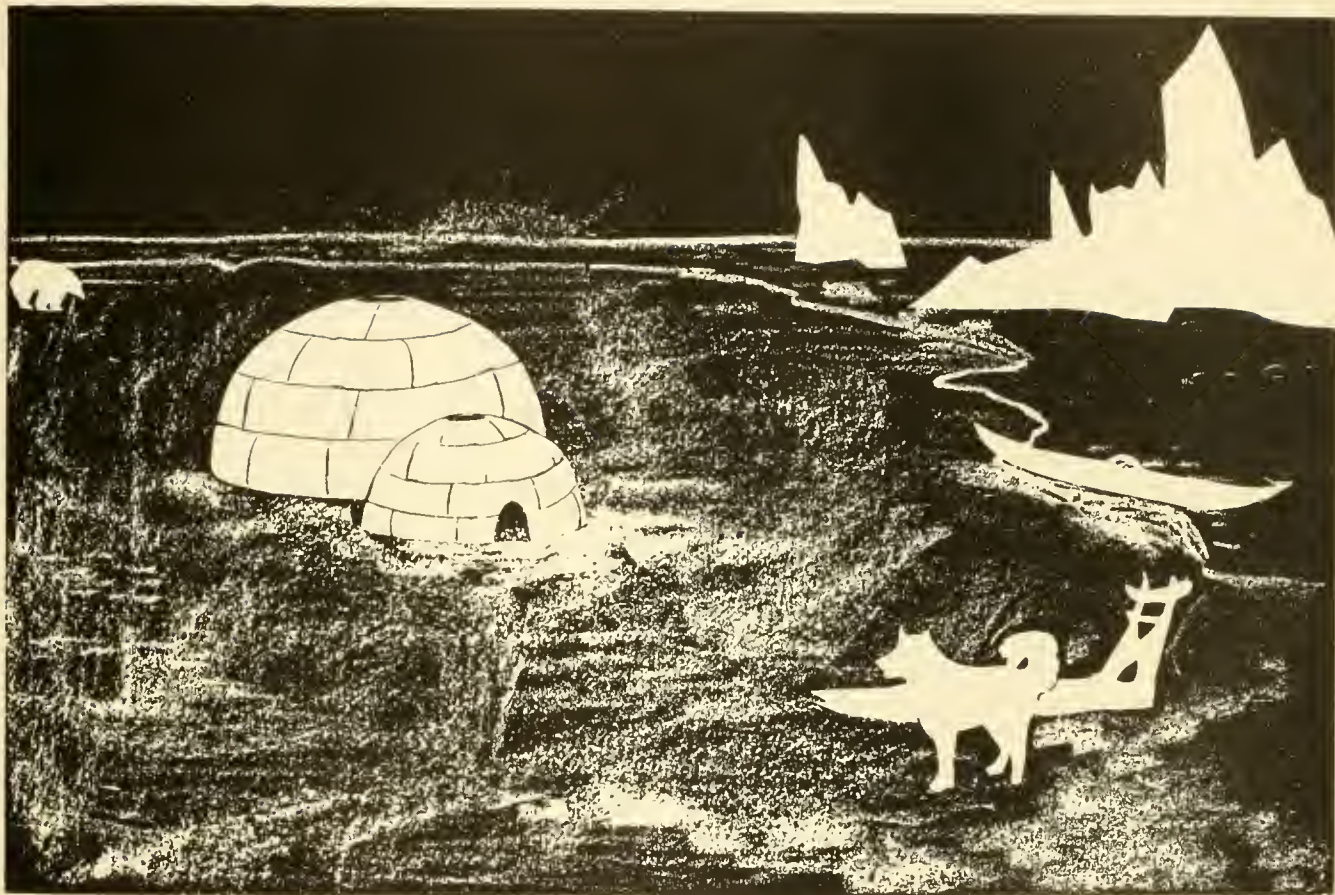
shaped like dominoes. These they set up on their long edge in a circle, one above another, each bending inward a little, and each circle growing smaller, until one block will cover the hole at the top. Then a little door is cut in one side of this ice hut, and sometimes a low, narrow tunnel to keep out the wind, and a little "storm-door" beehive are added.

This winter home is called an "igloo." Sipsu's summer home is a "tupek," and is made of sealskin, with the bones of a big fish as tent poles.

The sled belongs to Sipsu's brother Annanak; he calls it a "komatik." Trees cannot grow in this cold country; so, unless pieces of a wrecked ship are found, everything has to be made from the bones and hide of the polar bear, the walrus, and the seal. The komatik is made mostly of bone, the pieces being tied together with cords made of walrus hide.

Instead of horses, dogs are used—sometimes in teams of seven or more—to pull the komatik. They are harnessed by having a collar of walrus hide put around the neck of each; from that stretches a long line which is fastened to a thong between the runners of the komatik.

That big dog is Tør, the leader of the team. The other dogs have made for themselves holes in the snow and gone to bed. The snow has drifted over



THE WINTER HOME OF BABY SIPSU



TOR, THE LEADER OF THE TEAM

them like a blanket, so they are warm and comfortable.

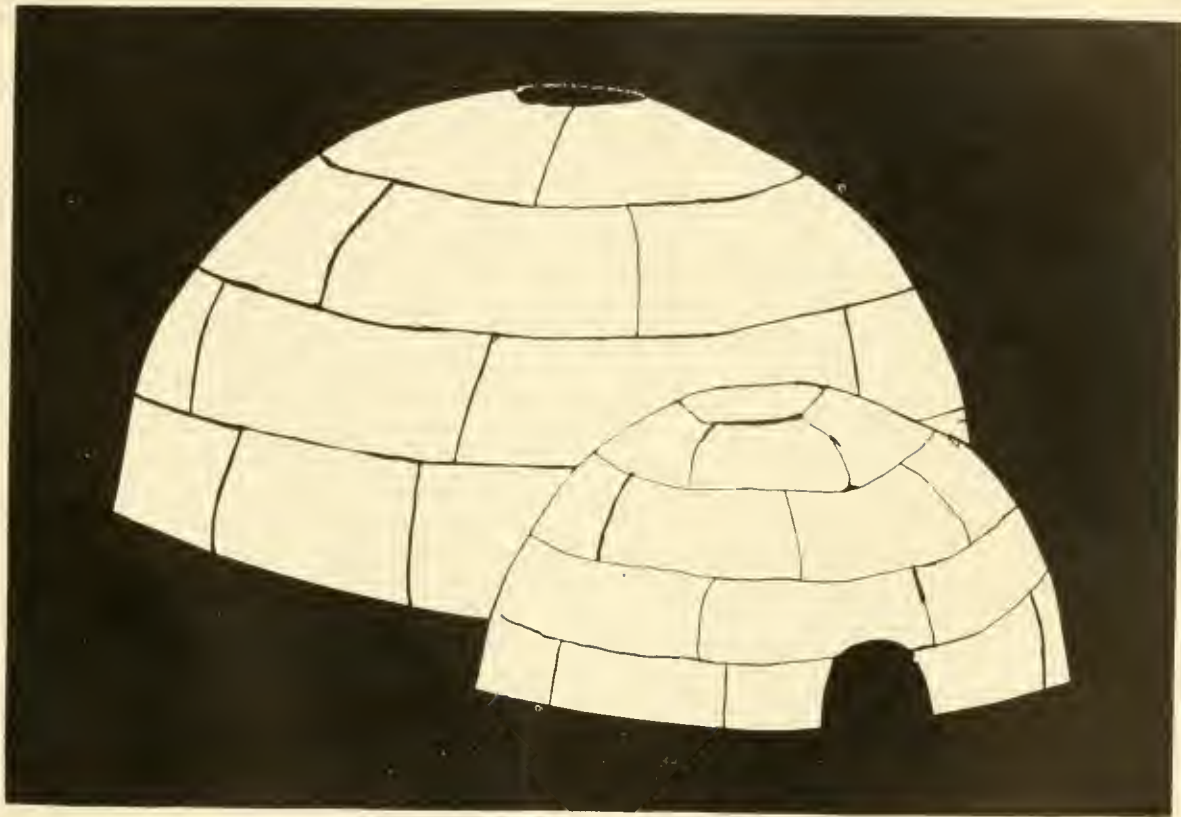
When the dogs are ready to start they will form a V, with Tor at the point and the two dogs nearest the komatik at each end of the broad space. There are no reins with which to guide them, but Annanak has a whip with a very long lash, and if a dog is unruly, he will snap its ear. He starts the dogs by

shouting, "Ka, ka! ka, ka!" They may jump suddenly and throw Annanak off, but he is so roly-poly and good-natured that he will not mind.

The long canoe-shaped boat which you see there is a "kayak." It is of bone, covered with sealskin, the seams sewed so carefully that no water can get through. The top, too, is covered with skin, in the center of which is a round opening, just big enough for a man to crawl through, and sit on the bottom of the kayak. An apron is then brought up and tied under his arms, so everything is water-tight. Sipsu's father can turn his kayak upside down and right-side up again while he is in it.

Away off in the distance, a big, shaggy white polar bear is "going a-fishing." He has heard a noise like the rumble of thunder and knows that the ice is breaking up, that spring is coming, and that the seals and the walrus will crawl out of the water to sun themselves.

There has been a long dark night here for months, then a month of twilight, and now the sun has looked over the edge of the world for the first time this year. Baby Sipsu's mother, with Sipsu sitting in the big hood which she wears hanging from the back of her neck, Agoonack, and Annanak all climbed to the top of an ice hill to get the first glimpse of his rays, and give him a joyful welcome. Each one carried a small bag, and into each bag was put a bone on that day. Agoonack's bag already had a bundle of ten, but Sipsu's hadn't even one bone, for this was the first time he had ever seen the sun



THE IGLOO



THE POLAR BEAR

rise after the long night. After he has seen it ten times he will have a bundle tied like Agoonack's, and then begin on another ten. That is the way the Eskimos can tell how old they are; they have no word for a number above ten.

Let us go into the igloo and see what they are all doing. Pull your fur hood up over your head, so the snow won't go down your neck, then get on your hands and knees and crawl through the tunnel. If we meet any one coming out, either he or we shall have to go back to where we came from. Push aside that curtain of fur over the doorway. You will see that it isn't hung from a pole by rings like our draperies; it is frozen there.

My! we nearly ran our heads into what looks like a snow bank! It is the bed, table, chair, all in one,

on which the family eat, sleep, and sit at work. It is covered deep with skins, on which the fur has been left, so it is not so cold as we should think it would be. Down on the snow floor is a stone lamp, shaped like a clam shell and filled with oil. Around the edge is a wick of brown moss that Agoonack scraped from the rocks last summer and rolled into a rope.

On the seat is a big raw piece of seal meat, all ready for dinner, and a small piece of blubber "candy" for Sipsu to eat and to rub his face with. That is the only washing his face gets now. Once when he was very little his mother washed it just as your cat washes her kitten's face. (Have you ever seen her doing it?)

Over the fire is a slanting stone with a sealskin cup under the lower end, and on the stone is a big snowball. Why do you think the stone, the snowball, and the cup are placed in that way? I will let you guess.

When Sipsu's mother came indoors she put down



A KAYAK

her head, raised her hands and gave a shake that sent Sipsu out of her hood and into her hands and now he is rolling around on the furs. His mother is chewing sealskin to make it soft so she can sew it with a fish-tooth needle into "nanookies" for Sipsu and Agoonaek. His father is making a knife of walrus-bone.

Annanak is getting ready his arrows for a game

with other Eskimo boys. The boys will shoot their arrows into the air and see how many they will have there before the first one falls. Sometimes a circle is made in the snow and only the arrows that fall upright are counted. Agoonaek is— But dear me! you will be so tired of reading about the family that I must stop, so you may have a chance to read about some one else.

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## THE HOME OF WILHELMINA AND PIETER

WILHELMINA and Pieter are the dearest, oddest-looking little couple! Such roly-poly little folks! Not that they are plumper than children of other countries, but they look so because of the way in which they are dressed—just like their mother and father.

Wilhelmina is a very little girl, just beginning to walk, but she wears a little white cap with wings that turn back from her face. The waist of her dress is tight and a kerchief is folded over her shoulders; her skirt is very full and she wears—I don't dare tell you how many petticoats, for fear you won't believe me; but her mother wears thirteen!

Pieter (his name is not spelled like our Peter's, but it sounds the same) wears a tight little brown coat with big buttons; full, baggy trousers, with still

larger buttons on the band; a red kerchief around his neck, and a tall round hat.

Both Wilhelmina and Pieter wear "klompen" on their feet, and the name sounds just like the noise the klompen make on the cobblestones. They are shoes hollowed and shaped from a block of wood, the toes pointed and turning up, and when they are old they make fine boats. I have been told that once in a while they are used as cups—by the children, of course. On the toes of Wilhelmina's little klompen cherries are carved.

Dear me, I have not yet told you where Wilhelmina and Pieter live! Their home is in Holland, a country far across the great Atlantic Ocean, where the land is all lower than the sea, a part of it having once been the bottom of lakes. The water of the



THE HOME OF WILHELMINA AND PIETER

lakes was drained off into broad, deep canals, along the sides of which high banks, called dykes, were built, so that if the water should rise high it could not overflow. Against the sea, too, strong dykes are built, of huge rocks and timbers, made solid with earth.

The dykes have to be watched all the time for fear the great sea waves pounding against them will force their way in, and roll over the villages and farms. To show you how much the people think of their home-land, I must tell you that all the big rocks and slabs of granite that help make the dykes strong had to be brought from other countries, for in Holland there is hardly a stone to be found big enough for a boy to skip over the water.

If you stood on the top of a dyke you could see canals everywhere, cutting the land into squares. You would see fields of bright green grass, cottages with red roofs, and windmills, windmills, windmills twirling their merry arms, away off to the edge of the world. Holland would be like a great wet sponge if the rain-water were not pumped out. That is the work the windmills are doing, pumping the water into the canals.

When the canals are frozen in winter the people of Holland can have great sport skating. They just buckle on their steel-shod wooden skates, and away they fly! They skate from one city to another, to market, and even to school. I wonder if the boys and girls go straight in when they get there!

Let us take an airship and fly low over some of the cities and notice a few of the things about them that we do not see in our own country. You may ask questions and I will answer them; only do not lean over too far and tip the ship.

“What are those women doing on their knees in the street?”



A WINDMILL



A DUTCHWOMAN

"Why, they are so neat, that they are pulling weeds and grass from between the cobblestones."

"Why are there little mirrors outside the windows of some of the houses?"

"Those are 'spies' or 'busy-bodies.' The lady inside can see, by looking into one, who is at the door or what is going on down the street."

"Oh, look at the piles of red and yellow cannon balls on the sidewalk!"

"Those are cheese balls. This is cheese market day in that city."

"See, there's a bridge swinging away from that canal, and a man above is dropping a fish line, with a klomp tied to it, into the boat that is passing through."

"He is collecting toll for opening the bridge."

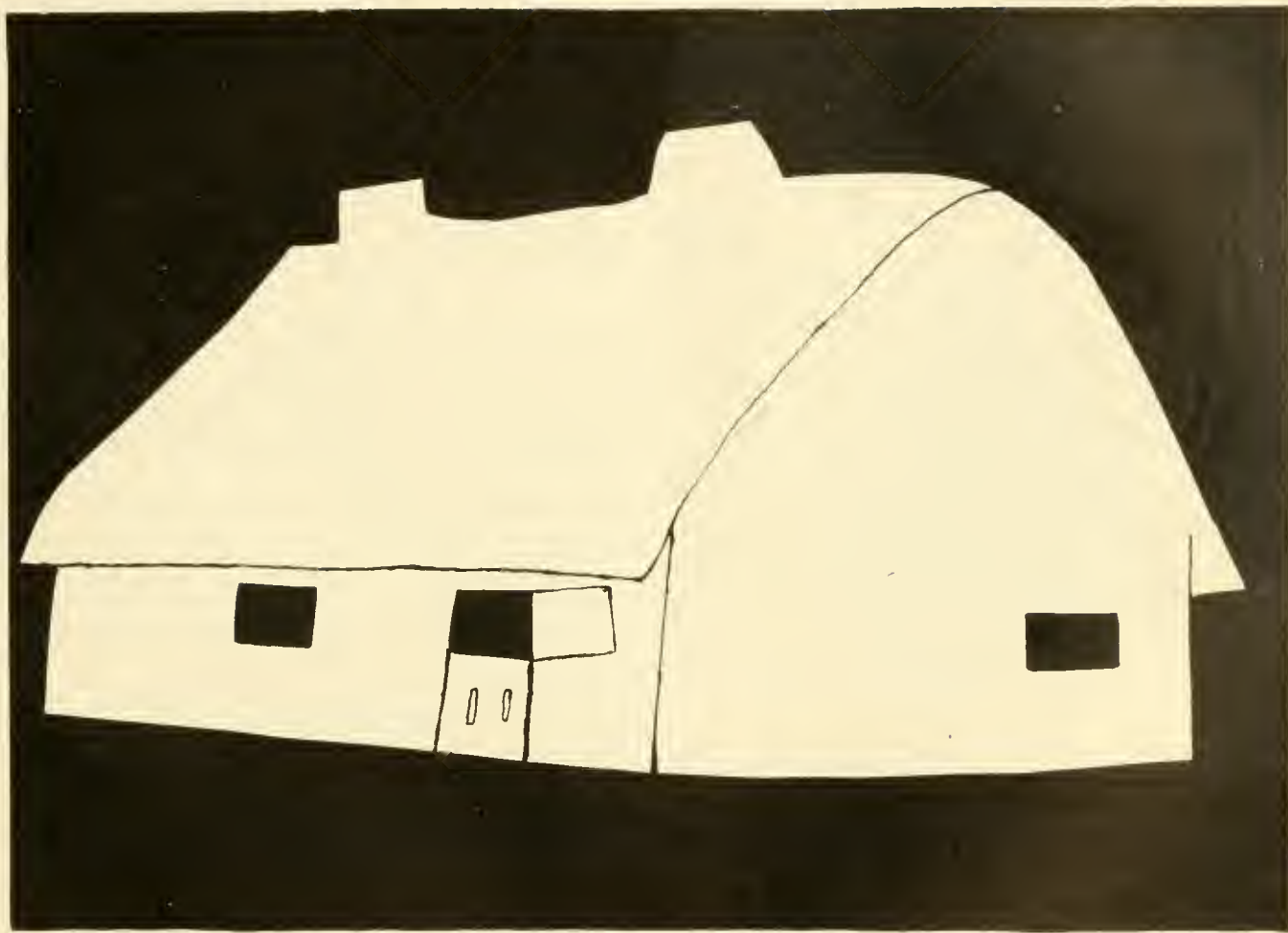
"Do you see that dog harnessed to a big cart filled with big bright cans? Why is that old lady dressed in a blue cloak lined with red, and a big glazed cap, and standing holding a flag? And look at that boat on the canal with a whole family in it, just as if they lived there, and—"

"Wait a minute. You will fall out of the airship if you get too excited. That is a 'truly' dog-cart, carrying milk to the customers of the woman who walks beside it. The old lady is signaling at a railway crossing; and families do live on the canal boats, summer and winter."

"What handsome black-and-white cows! How does the farmer keep them in the pasture? There is no fence around it."

"Don't you see the narrow canal, and the little bridge, with a gate at one end of it standing up alone? The canal is the farmer's fence."

"Oh! see the lovely rainbow trailing over the



THE COTTAGE IN WHICH WILHELMINA AND PIETER LIVE



THE COW

fields! It looks as though there might be a pot of gold at the other end!"

"The rainbow is made of miles and miles of beautiful hyacinths—purple, lavender, pink, and white—each color in a long bed by itself, with paths between. There are tulips there, too—pink, white and yellow. The yellow tulips are as fragrant as the hyacinths."

"Those houses look as though they were holding up their skirts to go in wading."

"That is to keep their floors from getting wet when the tide comes in. They are built on timbers, set up firmly on end."

Now let us turn. How we have to dodge the windmills! Here we are, back at Wilhelmina and Pieter's home.

Their father, who is a fisherman, can see only the tops of the two chimneys of his cottage, when he is in a boat on the other side of the dyke. The smoke goes through one chimney, but the other is a make-believe to coax the storks to build a nest there. The people of Holland are very fond of storks and believe these birds bring good fortune.

The door of the cottage is in two parts, so that the upper half can be swung open, while the lower half is closed to keep the baby from tumbling out.

We will make a picture of a stork and of the cottage, then we will go inside and make a call.

How spick and span everything is! The klompen are always left outside the door, for they would make very dirty marks on the floor. That is hard on the stockings, even though they are thick and home-made, but the girls—and the boys—take them off in the evening and darn them.

I think the "mutter" will excuse us if we ask her to let us look at the bed built into a niche in the wall. What fat, round pillows there are in those embroidered pillow-cases! Just see the cunning little bunk for the baby, built against the wall at

the foot of the big bed. Both are shut up like a closet in the daytime.

How pretty the blue-and-white dishes are, in long rows behind the rails fastened to the walls, and how all the metal dishes shine! Then there is the carved wardrobe. And see the big fireplace, with its wooden canopy and cloth ruffle.

But we must finish our picture. We will put in it a few windmills, a big dyke, a narrow canal, and



A STORK

a cow. Now Pieter will tell us about some of the good times the little folks in Holland have.

"We have fun just before Easter," he says. "Then the market man comes around leading his fat eow, to show us what a good roast we may have for our Easter dinner. An orange is stuck on each horn of the eow, and a rosette and streamers of colored paper are tied to her tail.

"The butter man comes, too, and brings us a sheep made of butter, with currant eyes; and the baker brings a cake tied with ribbon. Then the mother boils eggs hard, and dyes them pretty colors, and on Easter she hides them in the long grass. The one who finds the most, gets a chocolate egg.

"But the day we love best of all," Pieter goes on, "is Saint Nicholas's Day."

"Is that Christmas?"

"Oh, no," Pieter's mother says. "Saint Nicholas's Day is the sixth of December."

"It is the day we have our presents," says Pieter. "Saint Nicholas comes the evening before, dressed in a long red robe, trimmed with white, and a funny cap. When he comes in we sing:

"Saint Nicholas, kind man,  
Comes every year from Spain;  
Brings apples from Orange-Nassau,  
Pears from the tree—  
He is a rich, rich uncle."

(We cannot make it rhyme as Pieter did.)

"Saint Nicholas tells of the naughtiest things we've done since he was here last," Pieter says,

“and if we’ve been extra good he praises us for that. Then he scatters sugar plums about and we seramble for them. When he goes we sing:

“ ‘Saint Nicholas, put some in my shoe,  
Put some in my boot.  
Thank you, Saint Nicholas.’

“Then we put our klompen near the fireplaae, and hay and sugar in the corners of the room for the saint’s horse. In the morning, we find the presents in our klompen.”

Pieter is smiling to himself and has forgotten all about us.

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## THE HOME OF THE SWISS BABY

THERE are people who believe that mountains are the heads of large pins which hold the world together. If they could see the mountains of Switzerland, where Baby Heire (or Henry, as we should call him if he lived in America) and his sister Lisa live, they would think that there the pins were stuck very close together in the big earth-cushion.

Among these Swiss mountains are great rivers of solid ice, called glaciers. They are miles long and broad, and hundreds of feet deep, and in them are wide cracks. The snow from the mountains above is added to them every spring, so they never grow less, and the great weight helps push them slowly down into the valleys, carrying on their sides heaps of dirt and stones. From these glaciers rise clear, swift rivers of water, that flow far away into other countries.

Lisa, looking up, can see white mountain peaks

shining above the clouds. On them is a winter of snow, that never turns to spring. How surprised Pieter, from low, flat little Holland, would be if he should come to visit Lisa! And how surprised she would be if she should pay Pieter a visit in the land of windmills and canals! They would both, probably, be homesick for their own kind of country.

The valley where Baby Heire and Lisa live is green in summer; but in winter, when the snow falls in flakes as large as silver dollars, it does not take long to cover it with good big drifts. Very often the snow about the cottage is so deep that a tunnel has to be cut through before any one can get out.

During the long winter, that lasts from October until May, the goats and cows are housed under the living-rooms, which the family reach by going up a stairway on the outside of the cottage. On a balcony that runs around the house the mother puts the bedclothes to air. I had almost said, “hangs



BABY HEIRE'S MOUNTAIN HOME



ONE OF THE GOATS

the clothes to dry," but there would not be half room enough on the balcony for them, for Lisa's mother does the family washing only three or four times a year. She would be ashamed to be seen washing every week; it would seem as though the family had so few clothes to wear.

Over all, built far out beyond the walls, is a broad roof, almost flat, on which heavy stones are placed to keep the shingles from being snatched off by the fierce, strong winds that sometimes blow. Piled under the roof is wood for the winter fires.

Inside the cottage there is not much furniture, but there is a big stove that takes up a good deal of room. Around its flat top is a curtain, making a

warm, cozy little place for Lisa to climb up to when she is cold, and once in a while she sleeps there! Part of the stove is in the kitchen, and out there the fire is built and the baking done, so the little room is never uncomfortably hot.

The cottage in the valley is not the only home of Baby Heire and Lisa. On the side of a mountain not far away is a hut called a "chalet," in which



ONE OF THE COWS



THE CHALET ON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE

the family spent the summer. When the warm winds begin to blow, and the snow to melt, and the green, juicy grass springs up, the cattle are taken from their stables under the cottage and driven to the pastures on the mountain-side to graze.

The men who take the cattle to the mountain pastures are called "herders."

When the time comes for the herders to start, all the people in the village, dressed in their best

clothes, form in procession and go part of the way with them and their families, who are to help them care for the cows and goats, and make cheese from their milk. The cheeses, like great yellow grindstones, will be sent down to the valleys and from there to other countries all over the world.

On the backs of the herders are strapped huge kettles, to be used in making the cheese, bundles of food, and other things that will be needed. Baby

Ileire is tied in a flat basket, and carried up the mountain on his mother's head.

Each animal in the herd of cattle wears a bell, but the largest is put upon the neck of the handsomest cow, and she becomes the leader. The goats are driven by little boys called goatherds, who carry long, pointed sticks to keep their dancing, prancing flock in order. Then, to the "ko-ling, ko-lang," of the cowbells, and the tinkle of the tiny bells on the goats, up the zig-zag path and through the woods they all go.

After a hard climb, the father and mother, Lisa and the baby, come to the pasture where their little chalet stands. Its roof is broad and weighted with stones, like that of the cottage in the valley, and on the sunny side its walls are burned a chocolate brown; the side on which the storms beat is a dull gray.

The chalet is very small, only one room and a loft, but there is a big, glorious out-of-doors, so Lisa does not care. All around are lovely Alpine roses, blue gentians, asters, and forget-me-nots, bluer than any you have ever seen, unless you have been there. Right on the edge of steep rocks, where Lisa dare not go for fear of being dizzy and falling, the edelweiss, with velvety, star-shaped flowers, grows.

Lisa and her mother do not need pictures on the walls of their chalet. By just going to the door they can see what travelers from all over the world have traveled miles and miles to view—"God's great pic-

tures," hung in the sky and on the mountain-sides. Lisa thinks there is no other place so beautiful as her mountain home, and she has work enough to do to keep her happy.

In the evening, when the snow-capped mountains are all rosy in the sunset, the men and the little goatherds call the animals together with long, musical cries, and give to each a handful of salt; then, with their one-legged stools strapped to them, so that their hands will be free, they go from one animal to the other, milking them.

After that, the herders go home to their supper of bread, with toasted cheese spread upon it instead of butter, and boiled milk. On the edge of the pail that holds the milk hang wooden spoons with handles carved into a hook like the horns of the chamois that leap over the crags far above the chalet.

As night comes up the mountain Lisa sings to little Ileire the same "sleepy-song" that their mother sang to her when she was a baby:

"Sleep, baby, sleep! Thy father tends the sheep,  
Thy mother shakes the little tree,  
A tiny dream falls down for thee,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!"

"Sleep, baby, sleep! In heaven walk the sheep,  
The stars they are the lambkins small,  
The moon it is the shepherd tall,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!"

We will put in our picture a chalet, some chamois, a cow, and a goat.

## LITTLE GEMILA'S DESERT HOME

GEMILA is a little Arab, and her home is a tent in the desert. All around are bare, yellowish ridges and low hills. These are sand-drifts which the wind has swept up, just as you have seen it whirl the snow into huge drifts in winter. The family have been riding over the desert on their camels, looking for new pasturage for their animals. For days and days Gemila has seen nothing but hot, parching sand, and the only water she has had to drink has been that carried in skin bags on the back of the camel.

But now the family has come to a green spot, where there are trees for shade, and grass and water for the camels. The trees are date-palms, that grow very tall and without a branch, until at the top great leaves spread out like a big umbrella. Below the leaves are heavy clusters of dates. Do you know that the dates you buy grow in that way? Gemila's brother will climb up one of the trees and gather dates enough for supper and to feed the camels.

It looks as though it would be a hard climb up that tall, straight tree, but the trunk is scaly where the old leaves have dropped off as the tree grew, and the scales may be used as steps.

The Arabs could not get along at all without this palm, for every bit of the tree can be made into

something useful. Even the date-pits are strung like beads by the little children, and are used as counters in their games on the sand.

The camels have not had much to eat on the journey across the desert except the low, thorny shrubs, growing up through the sand, that they stretched and twisted their long necks to reach. The only water they have had has been that stored in their own reservoir, inside them, and now they are as glad as Gemila to get the fresh dates and water.

These animals have only one hump, but there is another kind of camel, away up in a colder country, that has two. The riding-camels are called "dromedaries,"\* and are swifter than those that carry the tents and other things used in making camp. The leader wears bells and gay strips of color; the other camels follow him single file, in a long line. Sometimes the nose of each camel is fastened to the saddle of the one ahead of him.

The camels are resting. If one wanders away he will be brought back, and one of his feet will be tied to the halter on his head; then he will have to hobble on three legs.

\* The name *dromedary*—commonly used to distinguish the Arabian camel, having one hump on its back, from the Bactrian, which has two—is restricted in Arabia and Egypt to the better breeds of this animal.



LITTLE GEMILA'S HOME

There is a baby camel with the rest—a solemn little fellow, not playful at all. Gemila and her brothers would rather play with their pet locusts than with him. They hold the insects by short strings and have great fun getting up races to see which one can run the fastest.

I must tell you how Gemila's father and the others



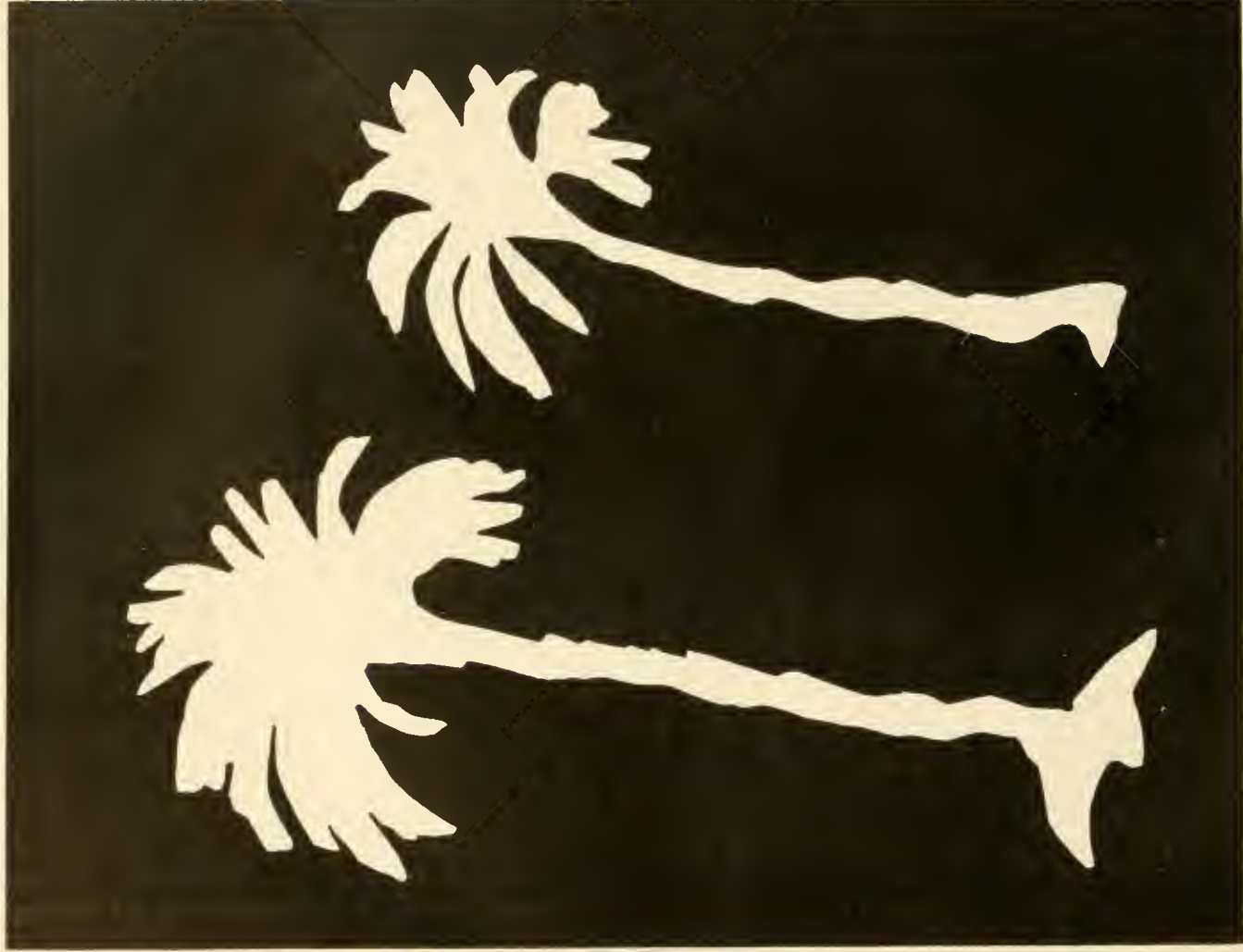
ONE OF THE CAMELS



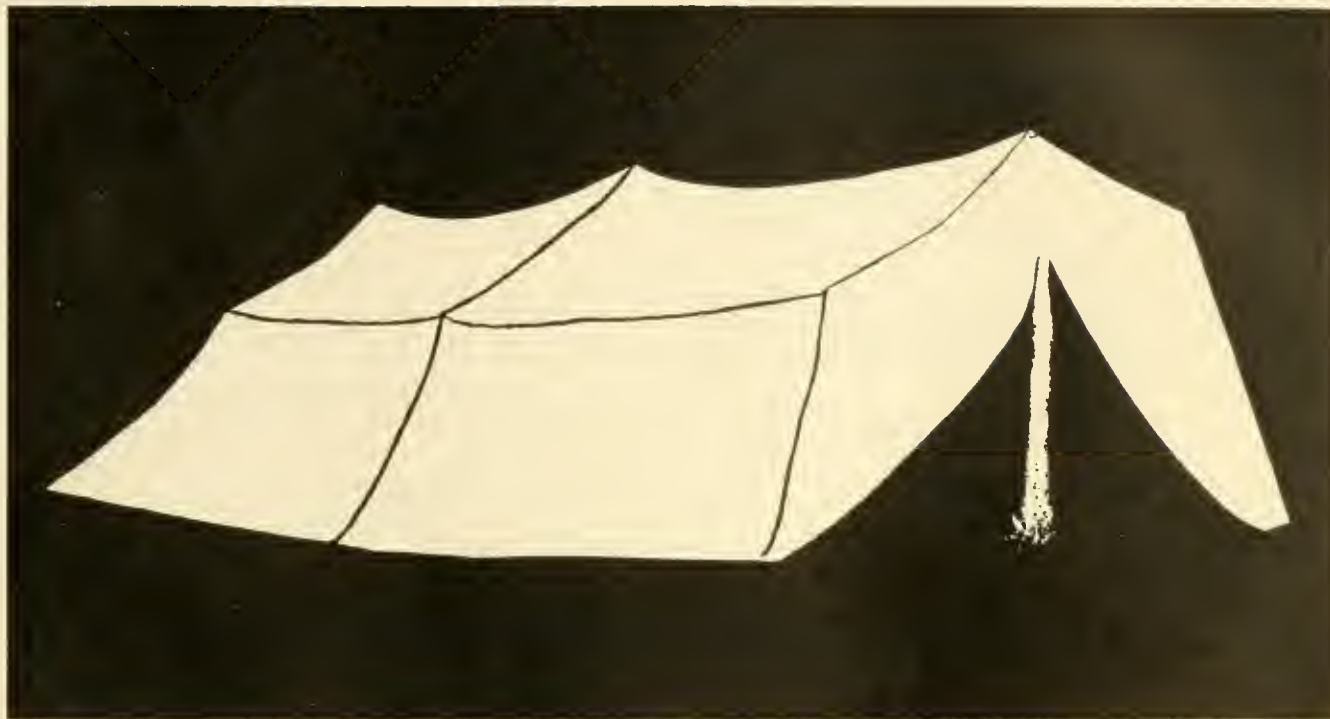
GEMILA'S FATHER

manage to ride on those high humps. (It seems as though we could not get away from the camels, doesn't it?) The saddle is made of wood, with an upright stake, back and front, to which to hold. Between the stakes a platform is built and on it are piled carpets and cushions. It is broad enough for the rider to sit on in any way he pleases, so if he grows tired sitting in one position he can change to another.

Before any one can mount the camel the animal must get down on the ground, with his legs under him. The rider climbs on his back and holds on tight to the saddle, and the camel gets up on his fore-knees, sending the rider backward. Then his hind legs stretch out full length and the rider pitches forward. The remainder of the fore-legs



THE PALMS



THE BIG TENT IN WHICH GEMILA LIVES

then come up and the rider is jounced to where he belongs.

When Gemila was a baby her cradle and baby carriage was a sack hung on one side of a camel, balanced by something just as heavy as she on the opposite side of the saddle.

Under the trees the black tent is pitched. It looks something like the bottom of a boat turned upside down. Nine poles, in sets of three, are stood up in the ground and over them is stretched cloth woven of the black goats' hair. The tent is then made secure by ropes and tent-pegs, as our tents are.



THE MILLSTONES

From the middle row of poles hangs a white carpet, making two rooms. The women have the one on the right; the men the one on the left.

In front of the tent sits Gemila's father and near by we see two millstones. The lower stone is hollowed out a little, and the upper stone, which fits into it, has a hole in the middle and a handle on one side. In the morning the women spread a cloth on the ground, put the millstones on the cloth, and

grind grain into meal for bread. Two women take hold of the handle and turn the upper stone, one of them pouring grain into the hole at the same time. The meal comes out at the edges and falls upon the cloth. Then the women mix it with a little water into a stiff dough which they spread on and cover with hot ashes. After the bread has baked about an hour it is broken and thrown into a big dish of soup, or sour milk, and all the family—men first—go fishing for it with their fingers. Doesn't that make you think of the Goops, who "lick their fingers"?

Would you like to know how Gemila is dressed? She wears a long brown coat, full orange-colored trousers, and a kerchief of the same color. Green beads are around her neck, and rings are in her ears and strung across her forehead, while on one arm and on both bare ankles are braeelets.

Now it is time for Gemila to go to bed on the rug spread out for her in the tent, so she says, "*Saidi!* [sa-e-de]," which in her language means "Good-by," and we leave her to sleep as soundly as you sleep in your little white beds at home.

## THE HOME OF THE CHINESE BABY

AWAY on the other side of the world, nearly opposite to where we live, is a big country called China. About one-fourth of all the people in the world live there.

Across one edge of China are still left parts of a long, high, broad wall, that was built seventeen hundred years before America was discovered. The wall is as high as a three-story house, and so broad at the top that two big automobiles—if they could run there—might meet and pass. It was over twelve hundred miles long, and passed over mountains, through valleys and across rivers. Think of the longest railroad ride you have ever had, then of how many more miles you would have to go if you should ride the length of the wall.

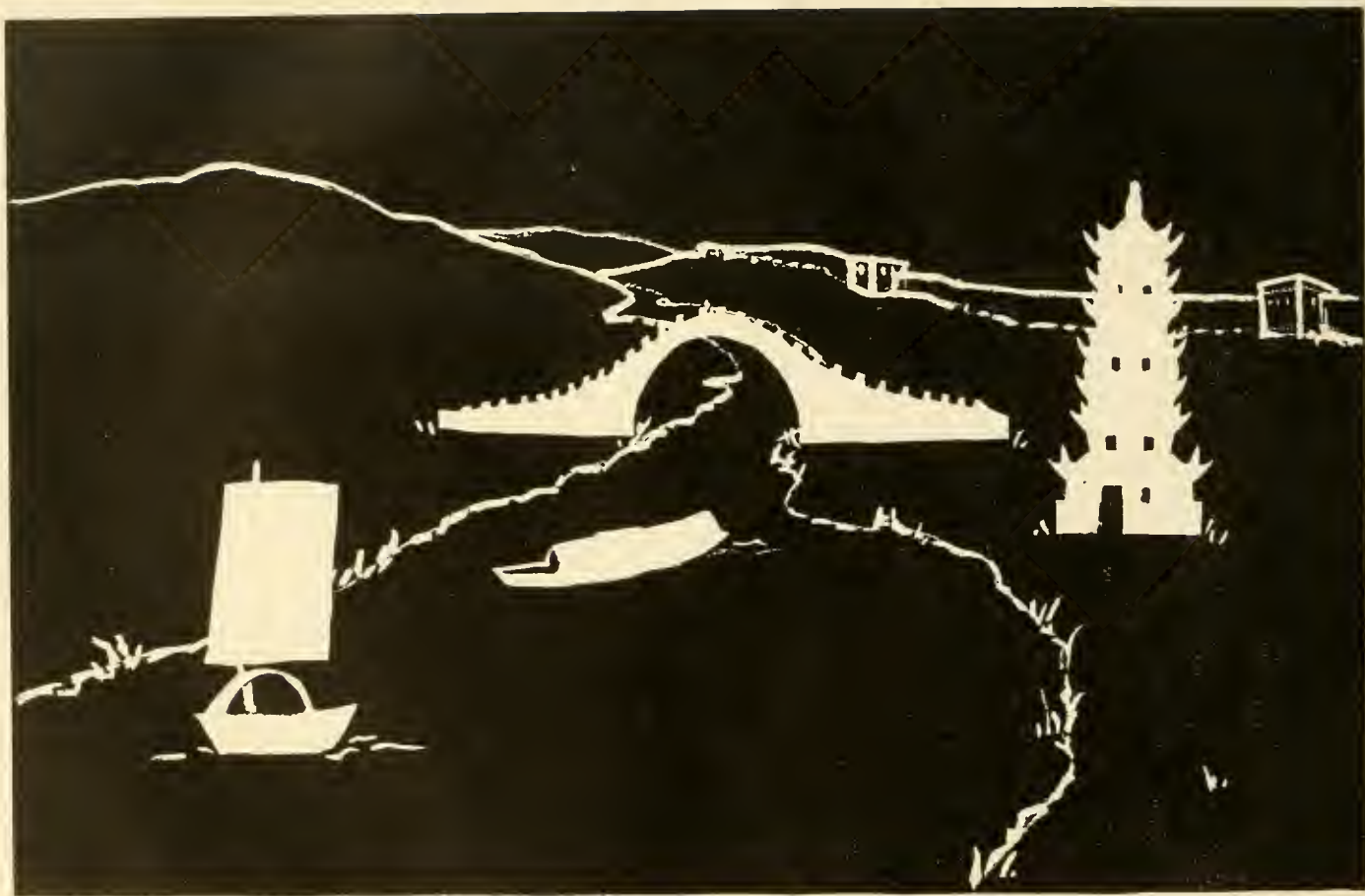
There are many, many babies in China, and one of them is the brother of Chenchu and Little Fat One. The baby is called Number Four, because there are three children ahead of him in the family. You can guess why Little Fat One was given his name. That is only his “milk-name”; when he goes to school his teacher will give him a different one. Chenchu’s name means “a pearl.” Ask Margaret if she knows the meaning of hers; it is just the same.

This Chinese baby is a funny-looking little fellow, with only one tuft of hair on the back of his head.

The rest was shaved off the day he was a month old. When he is a man and the tuft has grown into a long lock, he will wear it braided in a pigtail called a “queue.” His clothes are cut exactly like his grandfather’s, so you cannot guess his age by them. You could not guess it, anyway, because he was called one year old the day he was born. The next day was New Year’s, and then he was called two years old. New Year’s Day is counted as the birthday of every one in the country. What a big birthday party all the people have on that day!

Number Four’s baby-carriage is a square of cloth with a string fastened to each corner. He sits in this on his nurse’s back, and the strings are tied in front over her shoulders and under her arms. I wish I could tell you that Number Four is a sweet, pleasant baby. He isn’t! All that he has to do is cry, and he will be given what he wants, whether it is good for him or not. It makes a baby—or any one else—very disagreeable to have his own way all the time.

All around the city in which Chenchu, Little Fat One, and Number Four live is a wall with big arched gateways and iron gates, that are closed at night. Their house is built around a court, with all the windows and doors opening into the court.



IN THE LAND OF THE CHINESE BABY



A CAMEL-BACK BRIDGE

There is no fire in the house, but under the brick bed are pipes warmed from a fire of straw or dried leaves outside the room. When Chenchu and Little Fat One are cold, they crawl up on the bed, or "k'ang," as it is called.

When they eat they have neither knives nor forks, but pick up their food with slender, pointed bone sticks called "chop-sticks."

Would you like to take a wheelbarrow ride around the city with me? Well, here is a man waiting for some one to hire him and his barrow. It hasn't sides and back and a wheel in front, like our wheelbarrows at home. The wheel is in the middle, with the framework over it, and on each side, running lengthwise, is a narrow seat, with a loop of rope hanging from it in which to put the feet. You sit on one side and I will sit on the other, while the man behind trundles us wherever we wish to go.

Chenchu and her mother may crawl into the two-wheeled cart. They will have to sit on its floor and there will be nothing to lean against; but a mule will pull the cart, and a driver will sit on one of the shafts. We shall have to go single file, as there is not room in the narrow street for the cart and the wheelbarrow to go side by side. The father will walk, holding Little Fat One by his queue instead of his hand.

Little Fat One is carrying his pet bird in a cage. He has no little dog to follow him. He sees something that interests him as soon as we start. It is a candy-man with a bowl of taffy and a reed. He is blowing candy men and animals just as a glass-blower makes glass articles.

There is no one to take our picture as we start, but we will make pictures of some of the things we see on our way. Oh, dear! how the wheelbarrow jounces!



A SLIPPER-BOAT

The first object we see that we wish to put in our picture is a building called a "pagoda." It is ever so many stories high, and on each upward-turning point is a bronze bell that rings when the wind blows. We may go up a winding staircase inside if we wish; but, really, the air outside is better.

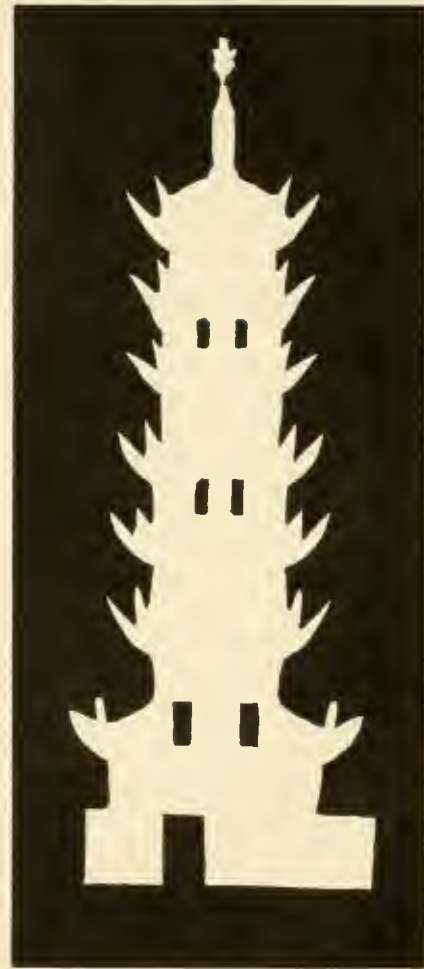
We are coming to a beautiful but odd-looking bridge. Some call it a "camel-back." It is arched so that the boats called "junks," like that one sailing toward it, may pass under. On the river are a great many different kinds of boats, and every one of them has an eye on each side of the prow. That is so they can see where they are going! We will make a picture of the bridge, of the junk, and of a "slipper-boat."

What a noise! It makes us wish to cover our ears, but we have to hold on to the wheelbarrow.

We are near a school and the pupils are all studying at the tops of their voices, so the teacher will know they are learning their lesson. Let us go in.

The teacher wears big round spectacles that make him look very wise. When he says, "How - do - you - do" to us, instead of shaking our hands he shakes his own. One boy is standing with his back to the teacher, reciting his lesson.

I wonder if you would like to go to school here. You



A PAGODA

would have to come before breakfast, and, after you had gone home and eaten that, come back and stay until it grew too dark to see. You would have to come seven days in the week, too, with only a few holidays in the year.

But, after all, the children have time, somehow, to play games that are very much like yours. The boys have kites without tails that will fly higher than any you can make, and they have tops that they can spin by whipping.

One game the children play is called "Cat Catching Mice."

They form in a ring with the mouse inside and the cat outside. The ring goes round and round, saying:

"What o'clock is it?  
Just struck nine.  
Is the mouse at home?  
He's about to dine."

All the time the mouse is careful to keep as far as possible from the cat. When the ring stops the cat runs in on one side and the mouse out on the other, and they wind in and out of the ring until the mouse is caught, the cat always following in its footsteps. Then the mouse is eaten!

Now let us tell the wheelbarrow man to take us home.

\* From "Chinese Boy and Girl," by Isaac Taylor Headland, Fleming H. Revell Company.



A CHINESE JUNK

## THE HOME OF THE JAPANESE BABY\*

TOYOTARO is the name of this baby boy, and his sister's name is Hana. Their home is in Japan, a little country quite near China.

When Toyotaro was very little his father wrote three names on slips of paper and tossed them into the air. On the first slip that fell to the floor "Toyo" was written, so the baby was called by that name. "Taro" was added to it, as that word means "first son." Hana's name means "Blossom."

Toyotaro is tied upon Hana's back, so wherever she goes Toyotaro goes too. When Hana plays "Bounce the ball" the game is just as much "Bounce the baby." The ball is thrown hard on the ground, then Hana whirls all the way around in time to strike the ball downward as it bounds up. She whirls five times without stopping, slapping the ball each time and keeping it bounding. Toyotaro is very good-natured and seems to enjoy the game, not minding the jolts he gets.

Hana and Toyotaro live in a house that looks very wide-awake in the daytime, and very fast asleep at night and when there is a storm. The walls, par-

titions, doors, and windows are all of paper fastened on sliding frames of wood, so the whole side of the house can be opened to let in the sun and the air. Inside it is divided into small rooms, but can be made one large room by just sliding the partitions back. On the outer edge of the piazza are grooves in which wooden shutters run. At night, or when it storms, these shutters can be made into a strong protecting wall for the house.

On the floor are thick, soft mats made of reeds woven together. In one wall, which is thicker than the others, a recess is cut; in it hangs a beautiful scroll with a poem written upon it. Beneath the scroll is a little shelf on which is a branch of lovely cherry blossoms in a handsome vase.

But where is the furniture? No wonder Japanese babies are such happy little folks! There isn't a chair for Toyotaro to tip over in, a bed to fall out of, nor a table to bump his head against.

When he and the rest of the family are hungry they get down on their knees and sit back on their heels. Then little low tables are brought in and one is set before each person. On the tables, instead of platters and vegetable-dishes filled with meat and potatoes, are beautiful little bowls full of hot rice, and pretty dishes on which are pieces of fish.

\*The characteristics of the Japanese dwelling-house cannot be brought out by scissors-work in a way that would leave a correct impression; while the architecture of the pagoda, being copied from China, would only confuse the two countries in the mind of the child, so neither is used in the picture. If pictures of beds, tables, chopsticks, etc., can be obtained from old magazines they will heighten the interest.



IN THE LAND OF THE JAPANESE BABY



HANA AND TOYOTARO

You would think you could not eat rice without a fork or a spoon, but Hana picks it up daintily with her two slender ivory chop-sticks, held between her fingers. Hana has her own chop-sticks box instead of a napkin ring. When there is company, tiny cups of tea, little cakes of different colors, and candy in the shape and color of flowers are brought in.

When Toyotaro and Hana are sleepy, thick quilts are spread for them on the floor, and, with another quilt over them, off they go to the land of dreams. Grown-up ladies have a funny pillow made of wood, with a soft roll on top, on which they rest their heads while they sleep. They sleep in this way so that their hair, which is very nicely "done up," will not be mussed.

For a dress Hana wears a bright-colored, wide-sleeved kimono, with soft sash tied high under her arms and in a big bow behind. She looks like a big, gay butterfly. Her shoes are neither buttoned nor laced, but are held on her feet by a cord that passes between her big toe and the others. In rainy weather her shoes are a flat piece of wood, rounded a little at toe and heel, and with little "stilts" fitted to the under part. On pleasant days when the ground is dry she wears light shoes of straw when out-of-doors. She always takes off her shoes when she goes into the house. Her stockings are of cloth, with a place like the thumb of a mitten for her big toe.

You would think Toyotaro a funny-looking little



RIDING IN A JINRIKISHA

fellow, in his pink-and-yellow kimono and with his hair shaved in a fancy pattern. He is not dressed in white, because white is worn only by those who are mourning for dead friends. Toyotaro's clothes are cut just like Hana's, but when he is older he will be dressed in dull colors; he will not be mistaken for a girl then. When he begins to run alone, a little silk bag will be fastened to his girdle. In this bag a metal tag, with his name and address cut in, will tell any one who he is, should he be lost.

For pets Hana and Toyotaro have "singing insects"—crickets, grasshoppers, and katyids—in little cages of bamboo and net. They have fireflies, too, that look in the darkness like tiny stars of green fire. The fireflies are in horsehair cages, two inches long, with a green leaf in each for the fireflies to feed upon.

Japanese children are taught to be very polite, and to think more of the feelings of others than of their own.

That Hana may be taught a lesson, she is shown a picture of the three monkeys that were carved on a temple three hundred years ago. One has his hands over his ears, that he may hear no evil; the second has his hands over his mouth, that he may speak no evil; the third has his hands over his eyes, that he may see no evil.

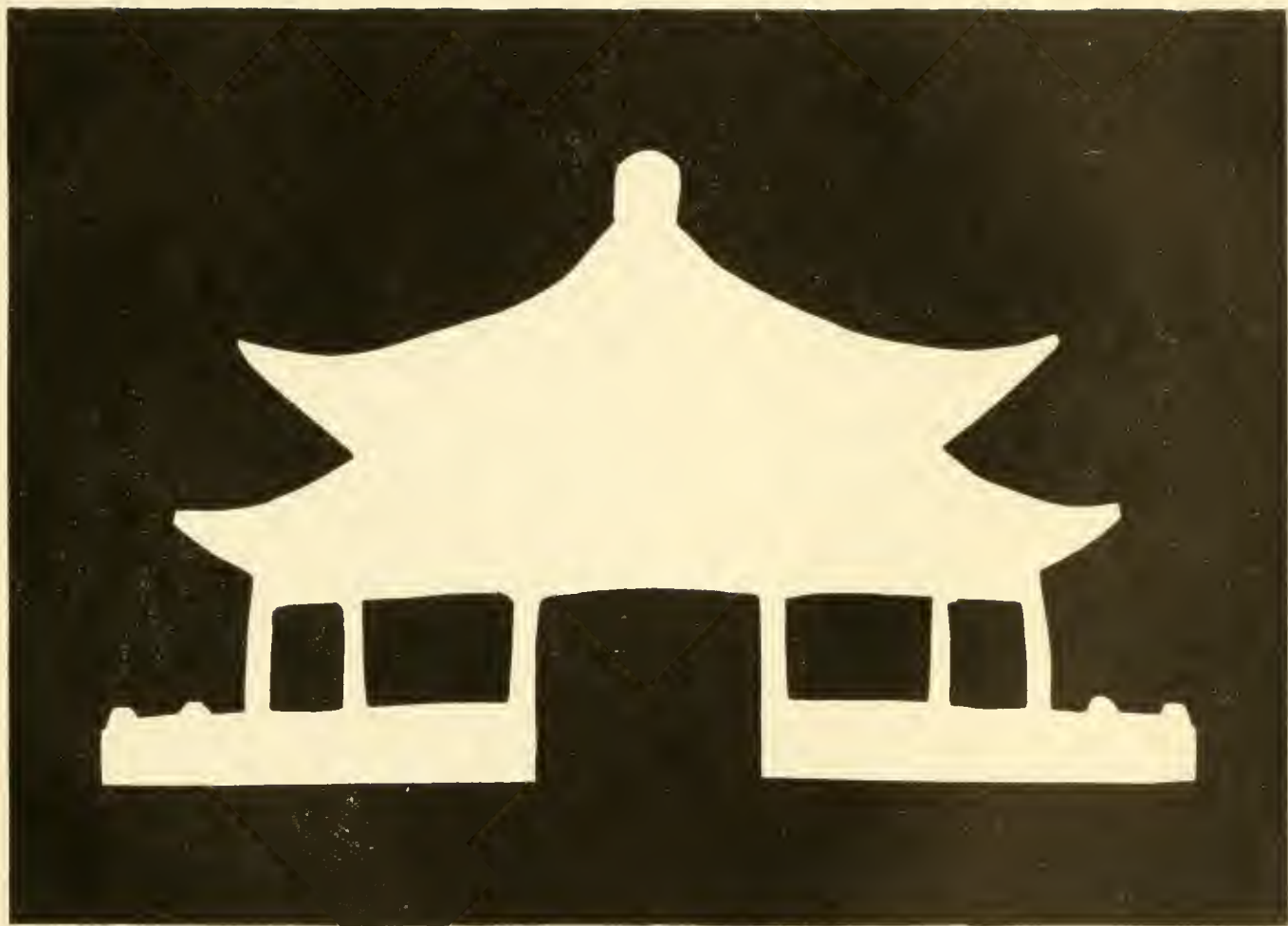
One of the games Hana plays with other girls is something like "Puss-in-the-corner." Puss is supposed to be an evil spirit, and the four corners—in which the children are safe—are called "truth."

The people of Japan are very fond of flowers and blossoms. The girls are taught to arrange them so that every bit of the beauty of the flower, stem, and leaf may be seen. In January and February the plum tree blossoms, and its petals fall with the snow. In April the Japanese have the cherry blossoms, in May the purple and white iris, the wistaria in June, the lotus in July and August, and the chrysanthemum in November—almost a calendar of flowers. When the cherry trees are covered with their lovely pink blossoms, large as roses, the people picnic under them and write poems to hang on the branches.

From Hana and Toyotaro's home can be seen the beautiful mountain that all the people love. Its name is Fujiyama, but the poets call it "the matchless mountain," and "Peak of the White Lotus." This is the story the children have been told about it:

One black night, long, long ago, a terrible storm arose. The earth was shaken to its foundations and the sea seemed to pour from the sky. In the morning the sun shone and all was calm and peaceful. Then a great wonder met the eyes of the people. Where their rice fields had been there was now a lovely lake, blue as the sky.

In another place, far away, the earthquake and the hurricane had been as terrible as where the lake was found. But here, when the sun rose, it shone upon a mountain of perfect beauty and shining whiteness. At first the people thought they had



A JAPANESE TEMPLE

seen a vision or cloud-picture that would disappear. But the mountain remained in its place, clothed with forest and crowned with snow, and it was believed that the land, scooped by some giant hand from where the blue lake lay, had been built up into this glorious mountain.\*

Now, I must tell you about the festivals that the children of Japan enjoy. First comes the Feast of the New Year, when all the family join in the fun. Every one wears new clothes, and all the houses are decorated with pine and bamboo branches, straw ropes, and splendid red lobsters. These have a special meaning to the people—such as happiness and long life. The girls play battledore and shuttlecock, and the boys fly kites. Then calls are made upon all the relatives. Hana and her mother go in a jinrikisha, like the one in our picture. You can see that it is a small two-wheeled carriage drawn by a man.

Then the girls and boys each have a festival of their own. The girls' great holiday is the "Doll Festival." That comes the third day of March. On her first Doll Festival day every little girl is given a pair of dolls dressed to represent the Emperor and the Empress of Japan. There are others to look like the musicians and members of the court.

These dolls are brought from the fireproof storehouse, in which the family treasures are kept, only on that day, and are arranged on red-covered

shelves. Hana is taught loyalty by showing homage and respect to them. She has a set of perfect little doll dishes and serves tea and food, in exactly the right way, to her dolls. Some of the dolls belonged to Hana's mother and grandmother when they were little. At the end of the day they are all put away until the next year at the same time, but Hana has her everyday dolls to play with.

The boys' own day is the fifth of May, and is called the "Feast of Flags." For days before this festival the shops are gay with flags and banners and are filled with toy weapons and images of the heroes and warriors of Japan. These are bought as presents for the boys. The house is decorated with the iris, because of its sword-shaped leaves. In the yard a tall bamboo pole is set up, and tied to it are huge paper fish, one for every boy in the family. The fish are painted blue, red, or gray, and have silver scales and wide-open mouth and glaring eyes. They are hollow, and as the breeze catches them they swell up and rise in the air, and the fins and tails flap as though they were swimming.

The fish are always shaped like a carp—a strong fish, able to swim swiftly and leap upward. This is pointed out to the boy, that from it he may learn perseverance. And stories of the brave lives and wonderful deeds of the heroes and warriors are told him, also, that he may learn to be brave and loyal.

We will make a picture of Toyotaro on Hana's back, of his mother in a jinrikisha drawn by a man, and one of the temples.

\* Adapted from "Letters from Japan," by Mrs. H. Fraser. The Macmillan Company.





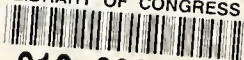


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